

Mystery Girl by PlusSizeReader

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Summary:

Steve Harrington x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Steve's ex chaperones the snowball, and dances with Dustin when none of the other girls will, which Steve finds out about later.

Mystery Girl

You felt bad for the kid.

He had been sitting there on the bleachers for twenty minutes, after getting shot down by just about every girl out on the dance floor. They didn't seem interested in him in the least, which was something you could relate to.

A lot of your middle school experiences were similar.

The boys in your class were never interested in you. They thought you were awkward, and even you had to admit that puberty had been a bitch.

Not that being a little weird was a good excuse, because you were the same weirdo you always were back then, it was just that you were hot. Those guys, the same ones who had openly rejected you in middle school, were some of the same ones you'd dated recently.

There was no doubt in your mind that it would be the same for him too, eventually.

Though, until then, there was no reason he should have to be all by himself tonight. After all, the kid was only going to get one middle school snowball.

"I never was really good at this kind of thing" you hummed, sitting down beside him on the bleachers without much else in his direction. You had never had occasion to speak to Dustin Henderson before, but you saw him and his little group of friends around some times.

He seemed perfectly nice, which meant that you were right. Those girls had rejected him solely because of the way he looked, and because they thought he was a geek.

Dustin perked up a little when he realized you were talking to him, his sniffing gone quiet but he wasn't quite sure what to say. After the night he'd had so far, all of his energy and charisma was basically gone.

He just wanted to go home, but you weren't going to let him give up so easily.

"I'm too awkward for school dances, y'know? I get weird" you shrugged, doing your best to break the ice while also showing him that you meant well.

No one came to your rescue when you went through this, even when you hoped they would.

You knew exactly how he felt, and unlike your snowball, you were

going to rescue him. It was the least you could do.

“Yeah right, I bet you danced with everyone there” he allowed, his voice little more than a mutter under his breath, one that you may have missed under the loud music if you hadn’t been paying attention.

It was enough to make you laugh.

You barely danced all night long but given all the work you’d put into your physical appearance and confidence since then, it didn’t shock you that he believed differently. You had come a long way from your baby weight and frizzy hair phase.

“No, I don’t have any moves. What about you though-” you asked, prompting him to remind you of his name, even though you were pretty sure you had it right.

Your dad handled his parents divorce a while ago, and you knew his mom pretty well. After the divorce, Claudia brought you cookies sometime when she made them from scratch and stepped in when she was in the area.

“Dustin” he hummed, offering a hand to you in a nearly comical way, further confirming to you that you had made the right choice in coming over here.

If his big hair and goofy personality was all that put these girls off, they didn’t deserve him in the first place. In time, they would realize that and even if they didn’t, he was bound to realize it himself at some point.

“Y/N” you returned, shaking his hand and then getting up from the bleachers entirely, still keeping hold of him.

He looked at you with a confused sort of look on his face which you brushed off immediately with a smile, your true intentions finally shining through.

“My snowball sucked when I was your age, but if you’d dance with me, I think we can make this one pretty cool” you offered, swaying to the music lightly as you waited for him to make up his mind.

If these girls weren’t going to dance with him, you certainly would.

“You want to dance? With me?” Dustin stumbled, looking between you and the waiting dancefloor, which still held every single one of the girls in his grade that didn’t want anything to do with him.

It was a strange request, but still quite the offer.

“Yeah, I’ve been trying to dance all night but no one else here is a good enough dance partner” you explained, waiting until he nodded to lead the younger male out onto the dancefloor.

It wasn't that big of a deal, of course, but for Dustin, it was everything.

To get to dance at his first school dance at all was a huge treat after the way this whole night had started but when Steve heard that he got to dance with a gorgeous, funny, older girl, he would be even prouder.

It was a total Harrington move if ever Dustin had seen one.

It was awesome.

~

"That's her"

Steve's attention snapped up in the direction that Dustin was pointing only for his jaw to practically drop to the floor. Thankfully, he was able to keep his cool long enough to figure out what in the world his younger friend was talking about.

"That's who?" he asked, his eyes dropping to the table in front of him. Steve didn't really want you to see him, or Dustin, as it would turn out.

After all this time, he had no idea what he would even say to you.

"Y/N, that's the girl I danced with at the snowball" he gushed, Dustin's eyes practically sparkling as he looked at you head on, a direct contrast to the great lengths the older of the two was going to to avoid looking you in the face.

Dustin didn't know.

Not that he really should have known. He and Steve hadn't been friends back then, and it wasn't exactly like he wanted to tell him all about the beautiful girl he dumped sophomore year. He wanted Dustin to think he was this super cool guy but he hadn't been super cool to you.

"Isn't she gorgeous? I told you she was. You should go talk to her" Dustin tried, still completely blind to how uncomfortable his buddy was. You were too old for him, of course, but you had to be the perfect age for Steve.

The two of you would probably hit it off just fine.

You already had something in common, because you both thought he was great. That should

have been more than enough to at least start a conversation.

"Come on, you'll love her" he continued, his prodding into Steve's side with his finger getting more and more persistent when he didn't move.

It didn't make any sense.

Everywhere they went, Steve hit on every pretty girl they could find but for some reason, he didn't even seem like he wanted to look away from his slushy, let alone try to get your number.

"I don't think so, you go say hi though" Steve tried, after it became clear that Dustin wasn't going to let him leave this mall without saying hello. All he could hope now was that he would do so without dragging him along.

That wouldn't end well for him.

Dustin muttered something about him being weird before getting up and heading over to where you were sitting by the mall fountain, a huge smile on his face. What were the odds he would drag Steve to the mall to see Teen Wolf on the same day you'd be here?

It had to be fate.

"Hi!"

The last thing you had been expecting today was to run into someone but when you glanced up from your magazine to see Dustin Henderson standing there, you weren't upset about it. Of all the people to interrupt, you were glad it was him.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" you wondered, setting the magazine down on the marble of the fountain, careful to keep it from falling into the blue water at your back. You were sure that if his mom had seen you, she would have come over by now.

"Teen wolf came out today, so I had my buddy Steve bring me out to see it" he shrugged, doing his best to be casual. The crush he had on you was hardly a secret, and it was funny to watch him try to look older and more mature.

This kid was adorable.

He had that same energy about him today that had initially intrigued you about him in the first place.

"Your buddy Steve huh? He must be a good friend to bring you out on an opening day" you grinned, fully aware of how busy this place got when new movies came out. It was going to be packed, and you weren't sure you would have jumped to do the same.

Even for someone as adorable as Dustin.

"I tried to get him to come over but I think he's shy" he smiled, gesturing over to where they had been sitting at the food court across the way, where Steve was watching the pair of you not-so-subtly.

Now you naturally assumed that Dustin's 'buddy Steve' was like him, a goofy kid excited to see a cheesy werewolf movie but sitting there in the booth he had pointed out was Steve Harrington.

That couldn't be right.

Steve Harrington was one of the first guys to reject you when you were his age, and you highly doubted he would be chauffeuring a kid like Dustin around town, even with as cool as he was.

He only dated you after you starved yourself the entire summer before freshman year, only to dump you when you gained it all back. You knew perfectly well that King Steve wasn't the kind of man to go to campy movies with kids.

He wouldn't even be seen with you after school.

Though, if Dustin was telling you that he'd come all this way with him, you couldn't exactly argue. Even if it didn't make any sense to you, there was exactly anyone else he could be talking about.

"Yeah, he looks like he might be," you hummed, looking away from him quickly, hoping that Dustin didn't notice that complete shift in your mood. You had gotten over all that with Steve, besides, you were here to visit with Dustin.

You didn't even have to worry about Steve.

"Will you come meet him? Please? He's a really great guy" he prompted, that huge grin returning to his face as he tried on this side to get the two of you together. If only he knew what he didn't know.

It was a terrible idea.

However, unlike Steve Harrington, you didn't have anything to hide from your shared young friend. In all honesty, you were sort of curious as to how he would react to you, knowing what you both knew.

"You really think so, don't you?" you hummed, trying to decide just how much you trusted Dustin's judgement. The Steve you knew, back then, would have never even spoken to him, let alone taken the younger male to a movie.

Maybe he was different, but you definitely wouldn't believe it until you saw it with your own two eyes.

When he nodded, you found yourself agreeing, with the two of you standing in front of Steve at that booth before you could even stop yourself. You were sure that you'd never had a worse idea in your life but you didn't really care now.

He had broken your heart, not the other way around.

"Dustin..." he started, his eyes flicking over your face before landing on the other male, his jaw tight.

You knew exactly what he was thinking, and you were sure that if you were to look under the table, his leg was bouncing up and down

like it always did when he was nervous.

That was the funny thing about you and Steve.

You had cared about him for a long time before he gave you a chance, and you took note of the little things like how he fidgeted when he was nervous.

He didn't even see you until he, and the rest of the high school class, deemed you hot enough to care about.

"Hi, I'm Y/N"

You heard your voice before you even thought about what you were doing, offering a hand to him which went ignored because Steve was doing his best to figure out what you were doing, his brow knit together.

He knew who you were, of course he did.

It wasn't until you gave him that look, gesturing with subtle head nods between him and Dustin that he understood.

The kid was excited.

He had two much older, much cooler friends and you didn't have it in you to burst his bubble with your sappy breakup crap. It would be much better to just pretend that everything you'd gone through didn't happen.

That was what you'd been doing most of the time anyway.

"Steve" he allowed, though he was a much worse actor than you. Had Dustin not been so enthralled in the potential setting the two of you up could have, he would have noticed the way Steve was looking at you.

It was a cross between thanking you for not bringing Dustin into this and an apology but you had already decided that you were going to ignore it. You didn't want to hear whatever it was he thought he needed to tell you.

It wouldn't make a difference.

"Great, you two sit here, and I'll go get the tickets for the movie. You're gonna watch it with us right, Y/N?" he suggested, that goofy

grin of his only growing more and more as he waited for your answer.

It was a trap.

You knew that.

If you were smart, you would have said no and gone back to what you'd been doing but you didn't want to tell him no either. It wouldn't kill you to sit through some dopey movie if it would make him happy.

"Yeah, fine" you sighed, plastering a smile on your face even though as he walked away, you were earnestly considering pulling all of your hair out.

Once the movie started, you would be fine. All you had to do was sit next to Dustin and watch it, but unfortunately, watching the movie wasn't the only thing you would have to get through now.

Dustin leaving left you all alone with Steve, which you would have gladly avoided like the plague.

"He's a good kid"

Steve was the first to break the silence, the tension between the two of you practically palpable in the worst way. "Yeah, he's a cool little guy" you shrugged, fiddling with your fingers to keep from looking at him.

This was potentially the worst thing you'd ever been a part of in your life.

"I should have assumed his mystery girl was you, he talks about it all the time" he recalled, thinking about the way he'd been when Steve came to pick him up after that dance, the kid was all smiles that whole time, gushing about the most amazing girl he'd ever seen in his life.

You were the kind of person to do something like that for a kid.

He never had been.

“Well, I never could have imagined Buddy Steve was you” you countered, finally allowing yourself to look him in the face as you sat down across from him in the booth. He wasn’t the kind of guy to do anything for anyone else, not until recently anyway.

“Yeah, I know. Surprised me too”

There that awkward silence was again.

Neither of you really knew how to get into the topic you both wanted to address, and frankly, it didn’t matter. You understood why Steve did what he did back then, even if it was shallow and stupid.

It was all about his image, for him and everyone else. You were just the part of that narrative that didn’t fit, even when you tried desperately to make yourself exactly what he wanted. It just wasn’t going to happen.

“I appreciate you not telling him” he tried, trying to imagine how bad something like that would go. Dustin would freak out, not to mention the fact that he wasn’t exactly desperate to re-live everything he’d done to you.

Those days really were a low point for him.

Not that he could explain that to you without sounding like a pretentious asshole.

“It’s not that big of a deal, we only dated for like a year” you allowed, ignoring the way his expression changed under your suggestion. To say that it was only a year made it sound like it wasn’t anything.

...and it was.

He might not have acted like it at the time but you were important to him. Even now, he caught himself regretting everything he’d done where you were concerned, and he often missed being with you.

He just didn’t do anything about it because he knew that you would never forgive him, and frankly, you had no reason to.

Steve was the first one to admit that he sucked back then, but he was trying to be better. In fact, he knew that if you ever did give him a shot to prove it, you would actually enjoy the man he'd grown into.

"You haven't changed a bit, you know that?" he hummed, bumping your leg with his own under the table, a natural reflex for him to try and get you to look at him. It was something he used to do all the time, but he shouldn't have done it now.

You two had come too far for him to do something like that.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have-" he started but you stopped him before he could even try to do something that would make this even more unbearable.

"It's okay, I get it. You had an image to worry about" it was a copout of course, a blatant lie, but you didn't want him to know the truth. You didn't want him to know that you had been devastated when he broke it off, Carol and Tommy egging him on the whole time.

By all accounts, it was one of the cruelest things anyone had ever done to you and while you cried for a month afterward, you got it in retrospect.

You and Steve weren't meant to be together, and there was nothing he could have done to change that.

It would have been easy to leave it at that, to just move on and be friends for Dustin's sake but that wasn't good enough for Steve. He felt like he was getting a second chance, like he could finally make it right and he didn't want to waste it.

You deserved far better than he had ever been for you, but maybe he could be better now.

"That's what I mean, that's what I'm trying to tell you. That guy isn't who I am, I'm not sure I ever was" he huffed, doing his best to get the words out in a way that would make you understand how serious about this he was.

He was a better man now.

You sighed, getting ready to shut down whatever it was he was building up to but Steve wasn't going to let you do that. He had been trying to imagine what this conversation would be like all this time and he had something he had to say.

It was important.

"Just let me get this out, please" he pleaded, his tone so desperate that it was almost pathetic. It was unlike anything you had ever heard from him before but much to his surprise, that was the thing that really got your attention.

Whatever Steve was going through right now, it was the most human, real thing he'd ever said to you.

"I was absolutely awful to you, and you never deserved that but I did love you. Honestly, I think I still might, I just got too caught up in everything else to realize. I was an idiot, I am an idiot" he breathed, looking you dead in the face.

He was serious.

You wanted to just shrug it off and ignore everything he said, desperately, but you couldn't. Steve Harrington, or whoever this real life person in front of you was, was being completely and totally genuine.

It was quiet between you again, with you trying your hardest to process everything that you were feeling and Steve just attempting to keep his breath even as he waited for you to say something.

The trouble was that you weren't quite sure what to say.

What could you say to the man you had loved desperately before, who treated you terribly and potentially didn't even exist anymore? It wasn't exactly something you did on a regular basis.

Though, you couldn't exactly lie to yourself either. You knew that you still cared about him, and that was the version of him that wasn't exactly nice to you. If he was an even more genuine version of himself, that was even better.

“You are”

Steve looked at you weird, in that way he had been for most of this time, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't figure out what you meant. It didn't make any sense, and you weren't exactly giving him any clues.

“An idiot, you're an idiot” you allowed, bumping him with your leg as he'd done to you before. You had no idea how this was going to go or if you were going to regret it or not, but for now, it didn't matter.

It was nice to have a conversation with him without any sort of outside pressure. If he had been this way all along, you may not have had all the issues you always did.

“Yeah, I really am”